

CPYRGHT

On the Line:**Dulles Rates a 'Well Done'****By ROB CONSIDINE**

IT IS HARD to fire a good and faithful servant. Particularly as the boss is a good and faithful servant. Allen Dulles.

"I know of no man who is a more courageous and selfless public servant than Allen Dulles," the President said, in letting him go.

"There is no better time to turn from this job to others," the handsome 68-year-old brother of the late Secretary of State remarked, in his enigmatic way. Face seemed saved all around.

Chances are that Mr. Dulles had not the faintest intention of seeking other work at this "better time." He wanted to remain head of the Central Intelligence Agency. In the wake of the Cuban counter-revolt fiasco, we had the opportunity to interview him in his Washington office. As we entered, he had just called an aide and asked him to check on the price of a tractor, or tractors. As we left, he came to the door and said, while shaking hands and looking us steadily in the eye, "I just want you to know that I'll never quit under fire."

For one thing, he wanted to be around for the opening of the new headquarters building of CIA, whose cornerstone President Eisenhower trowled on Nov. 3, 1959. It will mark the coming of age, let's say, of American counter-espionage.

It will occupy 140 acres of government-owned Virginia real estate. The building itself will cover nine acres. The parking lot will amount to 21 acres. The greatest length of the building is 926 feet, and 475 feet deep. It will be of seven levels, possess an auditorium, cafeteria for 1,000, snack bars, air conditioning, and the world's most modern (and complicated) pneumatic

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type system for moving secret papers from one office to another.

Mata Hari, who operated on a smaller budget, would have been puzzled.

Dulles could write a book, but probably won't. Among countless adventures, he was probably the last American to scam from France as the Nazis poured into Vichy late in 1942, after Gen. Eisenhower landed in North Africa. From the haven of Switzerland he sought responsible Germans opposed enough to Hitler to make their intentions known. He became "Mr. Bull," was involved in the over-all plot by the German military to assassinate Hitler. For all we know he may have invented the U-2. Certainly, he had the yes-or-no decision over sending Francis Gary Powers on the particular flight on May 1, 1960, during which the \$2,500 a month pilot was shot down over Sverdlovsk.

It broke up the Paris summit meeting, brought down on President Eisenhower's head perhaps the bitterest abuse an American chief executive ever had to take from a foreign despot—in this case Khrushchev. Mr. Dulles was equally involved in the Cuban goof. He accepted, without known complaint, the last-minute decision by his superiors to deny the Cuban rebels the American air cover they sorely needed to complete the overthrow. He took tons of the blame, without the sounds of protest that would have risen from most men's throats.

Mr. Dulles attracted to him the best-educated staff of any U. S. government agency. Seventeen of his 20 closest associates were from top Eastern universities. They worked for salaries infinitely smaller than they could have commanded in their fields and professions. They worked without hope of public recognition. They worked for Mr. Dulles.

He leaves loaded with lore, and a minimum of accolades.

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